

DODGING SHELLS IN FRENCH TOWN

Girls' School Wrecked by
Bombardment; Getting
Used to the Fire.

London, Eng., March 30.—H. Warner Allen, representative of all the British newspapers with the French armies sends today the following picture of war battered and deserted Verdun:

"Today, Verdun is not crowded. No shop is open. It can muster three civilians, and all three of them are rightly proud of their courage in staying in the bombarded town.

"I have just been walking down the main street. Everywhere there is silence except for the crashing of the shells and the sound of splinters falling on the roofs. All the goods, the shopkeepers had collected, and the

calculate to appeal to the soldier in the trenches, have disappeared, and now the men who walk down the Rue Mazel come to a frequently interrupted conversation. There comes a rush of birds in the air, and instinctively one makes for the nearest doorway, ducking as one goes. Then there is a big explosion, and one goes on.

Dodging the Shells.

"It was in the Rue Mazel that I met one of the three civilians of Verdun. He was contemplating the view from the roof with a contented smile and looked at me with the same contemplative air when I ascended for coffee."

larily loud explosion. 'You are taking refuge on the wrong side of the road,' he remarked mildly. The left is the side to escape from splinters, since that is the side from which the Boches are shooting. . . .
